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O'ER SEA AND LAND.

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PROLOGUE.

ALONG the narrow streets of an Indian town bands of dusky-skinned troopers were rushing, flourishing blood-stained swords and uttering cries of fanatical hatred ; and in one of the rooms of a small bungalow, situated but a few feet back from the main road, stood two Englishmen, listening to the sounds without. Their faces were pale and terror-stricken ; their ears were filled with the horrible yells of 'Din-Din ! Death to the Faringhi !' For it was the morning of Monday, May 11, 1857 ; and the city in which they found themselves caged was Delhi, a spot of awful memories from that fatal day henceforward.

During many minutes not a word had been exchanged between the pair. The oppression of fear had been, indeed, too great to allow of much speech from the moment when first they had listened to the rumoured tale of yesterday's fearful butchery at Meerut. With yet deepening forebodings they had together watched the mad oncoming of the mutineers, as the rebel Sepoys soon after eight o'clock had crossed the bridge of boats. Then, still together, they had made for the poor shelter of this almost defenceless house. Such shutters and doors as could be closed they had bolted and barred. And since then they had been waiting in silence—waiting for what ?

They were men differing in age and appearance ; differing also, as was at once obvious, in social standing and mutual relation. The elder, Douglas Mannerling, a merchant who had for years made his home in Delhi, was tall and of commanding presence. His hair was almost white, and his complexion told of long residence in the sultry land. Jabez Blake, his chief-cashier and clerk, was, on the other hand, short and

thick-set, with a lowering countenance and unsteady gaze. He had accompanied his employer back from England two years ago, after the last visit which Mr Mannerling had paid to his native land. Thankfully did the trader, even at this moment of absorbing peril, call to mind that visit, when he had placed his twelve-year-old son in the hands of careful guardians and in the safety of an English home. But Blake had no thought to spare for any but himself. His mental faculties were, indeed, for the time paralysed by fright.

It was the merchant who first broke the stillness, if that could be called a stillness which was but a calm surrounded by storm, a quietude rent and pierced by the noise of outside strife.

'Blake,' he said, 'we shall probably neither of us see to-morrow. But in case either should get through, there are certain arrangements to be made. Have you any messages to send that I could deliver ?'

His voice was wonderfully calm and clear. Though his calling had been one of peace, Douglas Mannerling had a bold and courageous soul. But Jabez Blake had not been born for a hero. His teeth chattered as he tried to reply.

'None ! Nothing ! Do you really believe the danger to be so pressing ? Will they murder us in cold blood ?'

The other smiled with his pale lips, and held up his hand, pointing towards the unseen, tumult-filled street.

'Not much cold blood there,' he answered. 'Honestly, I think there is but little hope. However, attend to my instructions, please. At least, if you can,' he added, with a touch of half-contemptuous pity in his accent. 'I will under-

take that, should you die and I escape, your little girl shall be my charge. She shall be made a rich woman, in memory of the father whom I brought out here to die.'

'Yes,' answered Blake, with sudden, sullen resentment; 'you are right. It was you who led me into this.'

Mr. Mannering's eyes flashed fire. None but he and Jabez fully knew the depth of the slough from which his rescuing hand had drawn the man who thus dared to reproach him. But beyond a glance he showed no heed of the ingratitude.

'If, on the contrary, I am the one to be left behind here, I appoint you my trustee,' he recommenced in his measured tones. 'You know that I have sold my business and realised my capital. You know, too, in what I have reinvested it.'

Blake nodded, though otherwise he scarcely accorded a pretended interest. All his being seemed given up to terror; and as a loud blow fell upon the outer door he quailed and shrank.

'Oh!' he wailed helplessly, 'is there no hole or corner where one could hide? Must we stop here to—?'

'You can see for yourself,' said Mr. Mannering, waving his hand round the bare apartment. 'And to leave this roof is but to leap into the jaws of death. There is nothing to be done. So listen!—listen to me, do you hear?' sternly, as the frantic creature continued to stare aimlessly about. 'Here, by the wall, under this second plank, is the case. You lift the board thus,' stooping to show the simple trick of his *caché*, far surer that day than any more apparent safe could be, even though lined and bound with steel. 'If you are spared, you will take Ernest home his fortune. Swear it. There is yet time!'

The hammering had increased. Already there were sounds of splintering wood and bursting bolts to be distinguished amidst the wild yells of the besiegers. In another instant they would be within the walls. But Mr. Mannering was not to be balked even by the unconquerable agitation of his companion, who now gave evident signs of meditating a mad and useless flight.

'Swear it,' he repeated, holding the other by the shoulder and compelling him to remain. 'Take this Bible'—catching up a well-worn volume from his own writing-table—'and say the words after me.'

And Jabez, coerced by the stronger will, kissed the book and took the oath. He would carry his master's property to his master's heir should he himself survive this time of danger.

'And give the boy my blessing,' concluded the father, loosing his clutch just as, with a heavy thud, the door nearest the road fell inwards. No opportunity was there now for retreat. In another second the fiendish faces and blood-thirsty cries of the Sepoys were all around the Englishmen. There was the flash of steel, a groan from the merchant, a wild shriek for mercy from Jabez, and the throng passed on. Ten minutes later the bungalow, despoiled of every portable article on which the marauders could lay hands, was deserted; and in the room where Douglas Mannering had imposed upon Jabez Blake his last commands were left only two motionless, prostrate forms, each lying in its separate pool of blood.

It was thus that a fellow-countryman saw and

recognised them some half-hour afterwards; but he could do nothing. The dead were beyond help or suffering, and all his powers were concentrated upon the search for his wife, who had fled, he knew not where, in uncontrollable panic. He had, however, had dealings with Mr. Mannering in past days, and bore for him a great respect; and it was to his kindness that Ernest Mannering's guardian and Katie Blake's uncle subsequently owed information as to the disaster.

Only a small detail of a vast tragedy was that murder; but its consequences lived on.

CHAPTER I.

TWENTY-FOUR or twenty-five years ago Catam Vicarage was one of the prettiest and most rural-looking abodes in Kent, just as Catam village, in spite of its comparative proximity to London, was one of the quietest and quaintest of hamlets. They have altered all that by this time, of course. Exactly where the vicarage garden flourished a row of good-sized villas may now be seen; and in place of the winding walks, which Katie Blake's feet trod for more years than she can remember, there are a dozen straight stretches of gravel, each bordering a separate tennis-lawn and swarmed over by boisterous, blustering bairns.

But no fears of such impending changes oppressed the imagination of Mr. Denovan as he wandered with Ernest Mannering under the bare boughs of the orchard trees. Notwithstanding the absorbing nature of the conversation in which they were engaged, he was quite consciously noting the signs of approaching spring. After having spent almost four decades in the same beloved spot and amidst the same familiar surroundings, the fading of the snowdrops and the first yellow gleam of the primroses became accustomed tokens not to be unobservantly passed by.

Yet all the time the conversation flowed on.

'You see, my dear sir,' the clergyman was saying in his precise and prosy accents, 'I know nothing of you—really nothing. You inform me that you are twenty-five and already a junior partner in your firm. I can see for myself that you are tall and well-looking, also that you have the manners of a gentleman. But, after all!—and the thin, pallid finger-tips of the right hand lightly tapped those of the left—to what does that amount? Very little indeed, when the whole future happiness and welfare of my Katie are concerned.'

Ernest Mannering's countenance clouded over. 'I don't know that I can tell you any more, sir,' he said, thereby visibly amusing his companion, whose sense of humour was keen.

'Nor I. And what if you did? Words will never make either Katie or myself much the wiser. Yet, in the one month which she has passed with her friends at Shoreton, and during which you have mutually had the opportunity of becoming acquainted, what can she—leaving myself out of the question—have ascertained of your disposition, your temper—in short, of yourself?'

As it did not appear how to answer this plain-spoken yet courteous uncle, with a due regard to modesty, the suitor, instead of assuring him of the secure foundation on which Katie's affection rested, wisely kept silence.

'Well, Mr Mannering—but how your name carries me back to past days, when I was constantly hearing it!'

'Really?' with a very creditable simulation of interest.

'Yes. You may have been informed that Katie's father, the husband of my poor sister-by-the-by, she was twenty years my junior—was killed in the Indian Mutiny—thirteen years ago that was, when Katie was a tiny toddler of six. Such a pretty child!'

His expression softened at the picture thus conjured up. It was indeed curious to note how, every time that he mentioned his niece, the stern, handsome face lost its customary austerity. So far, that characteristic was the only lovable one which Ernest had discovered in Katie's awe-inspiring guardian.

'I'm sure she was,' with conviction. 'My father was murdered at that time too. It makes a fresh link—'

But Mr Denovan was not thinking of fresh links, but of ancient ties; and for once he looked quite excited as he laid his hand on Ernest's sleeve.

'Where? Who was he? Never the Douglas Mannerings that perished in Delhi?' he interrupted.

'Yes. Did you know him?'

There was a pause before the answer came. Memories, some sweet, but many bitter, were sweeping across the aged brain.

'No, not personally,' he said finally. 'Yet he has my lasting gratitude.' Then, rousing himself with an effort, 'Jabez Blake, Katie's father, was his head-cashier.'

'Of course!' said Ernest, clapping the side of his leg after the manner of a suddenly enlightened male person. 'Why, I've heard of Jabez Blake heaps of times! I declare it seems strange that Katie and I should not have met long ago. Our fathers fell actually side by side!'

Involuntarily the two men, the old one and the young, paused in their walk and clasped hands. But it was Mr Denovan who was the more moved. To him this event of which they spoke seemed an occurrence of yesterday. To Ernest it naturally appeared a whole lifetime away.

'Surely, then, you ought to be a very rich man?' remarked the cleric, as they resumed their saunter after that emotional episode. 'Your father had the reputation of a millionaire.'

Ernest shrugged his shoulders. His father's wealth was a sore subject with him.

'Yes. He wasn't precisely a pauper,' dryly. 'I expect, though, that his was not the only fortune that vanished during the Mutiny. Anyhow, I inherited none of it. It is to my guardian, who died about a year ago, that I owe what I do possess.'

'Ah! You are more fortunate than my Katie! Her guardian will have nothing to leave her—nothing!' the vicar said with pathos.

'The more reason why she should share with me,' was the quick rejoinder. 'Surely you can't refuse me now?—a flush of fresh hope lighting up his almost boyish face.

But Mr Denovan's was not a nature thus to be carried by storm. Not all the agitation of the last hour could, indeed, so much as prevent a satirical reply:

'Why not? Because your father and hers were fellow-sufferers I am to be assured that you would make a desirable husband? If you had had as intimate an acquaintance with Jabez Blake as I had— But that's beside the question. What does concern you is my determination—a determination which, I may tell you, has been reached after many hours of consideration given to your letter.'

And then Ernest listened, with a somewhat sinking heart, to the conditions under which he might be allowed to continue his wooing: to visit at the vicarage, just as other men might visit; to make no further endeavour to bind Katie until her twentieth year was completed; to offer no loving demonstrations, but to behave himself with the most rigid propriety—such was Mr Denovan's decree.

'Because I wish to assure myself,' explained the merciless old gentleman, 'that you do not belong to that rowdy race of young men who are the bane of the nineteenth century, and whom I abhor. Smoking and drinking, and a general looseness of life, are their sole claims to distinction; and my Katie is too good for that sort of husband.'

Ernest's heart sank into his boots. Truth to tell, he loved a good cigar.

'If by the time that her birthday arrives I hear nothing to your disadvantage, why, then I will seriously consider your proposal, should you renew it; but until then you are as free as she; and I will not have her fettered yet.'

'Jolly hard this, I call it,' declared the lover, seizing the very first moment when he found himself alone with Katie to utter his protest. Miss Blake had, by the way, been meanwhile informed by her uncle—in Ernest's presence and despite her blushes—of the ultimatum. She therefore needed no explanations; yet she looked up with a laugh and the demurest of glances.

'Now, do you know, I think that, considering his little prejudices upon the subject of me, uncle has been extremely good to you,' she declared. 'Did you tell him that you belonged to the Chums, and that you didn't think tobacco another name for depravity? Or did you discreetly hold your peace? I only ask for information!'

She looked provokingly mischievous and pretty, standing with her hand upon the back of a chair, and facing him half-shyly, half-merrily. The solemn conclave had been interrupted by the advent of an important parishioner, to whom Mr Denovan had felt compelled to give an interview; and as the vicar might return at any instant, Ernest had not delayed to lessen, with all convenient speed, the distance between himself and the girl he loved.

'I held my peace,' he assured her, gazing down into the upraised face. 'At least such peace as was left me; but as to not having another kiss—'

She blushed and hung her head, at the same time warding off too pressing attentions with her hand.

'You don't seem to have a very good memory,' she remarked, with a ripple of amusement in her voice. Then suddenly she grew grave.

'Oh Ernest, how strange about our fathers ! I wonder if they know about us to-day !'

It was a speculation upon which Manning did not feel prepared to enter. Judging from Mr Denovan's hints, he had not gathered that Jabez Blake had been one to remember with affectionate sentimentality. Clearly, however, the daughter had been brought up in ignorance of any flaws in the gentleman's behaviour, and how to answer her did not appear. The vicar's step sounding in the hall might have been heard at a more unwelcome moment, even though now it precluded the end of all privacy. And half-an-hour later Ernest quitted the vicarage with the firm conviction that a courtship carried on under Mr Denovan's eye would not be without drawbacks ; also that if he were ever to win Katie Blake with her uncle's permission, his life during the next eight months must be circumspect indeed.

But then Katie was worth the winning ; and she had already made it very plain to him that go against the wishes of Mr Denovan she never would.

BRAERIACH.

By REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

BRAERIACH is the third highest mountain in Great Britain, ranking next to Ben Macdhui, being 4260 feet above the level of the sea. Its name sounds unfamiliar ; but it does not yield in point of grandeur or interest to any of the other members of the great group of the Cairngorm range to which it belongs. On the west side it rises up from the extensive fir-forest of Rothiemurchus in a long, swelling, massive slope with immense rounded shoulders, catching alternate sunshine and shade from the passing clouds, and exhibiting even under sudden gleams of light a peculiarly gray, barren aspect. About a thousand feet from the summit the uniformity of the slope is broken up by two great corries, divided from each other by a narrow neck or ridge, connecting the shoulders of the mountain with the top. One of them is occupied by a bright-green transparent tarn, perhaps the highest lakelet in Britain, into which a streamlet falls down the face of the cliff in a series of waterfalls, presenting a magnificent sheet of unbroken foam when swollen by a storm. The corries look at a distance, when filled with the afternoon shadows, like the hollow eye-sockets of a gigantic skull. In the rifts and shady recesses patches of snow linger almost throughout the whole year, and appear dazzlingly white by contrast with the dark rocks around.

I have a very pleasant remembrance of a recent ascent of this fine mountain along with a genial companion. We followed the usual route through the forest of Rothiemurchus, past the romantic shores of Loch-an-Eilan to the head of Glen Eunach, about ten miles from the station of Aviemore on the Highland Railway. At the point where you first catch sight of Loch Eunach and the great precipices of Scorrán Dhu, beside a wooden bothy for the use of deerstalkers, we left

the road, and followed a foot-track by the side of a burn that came down from the heights, over heath and peat bogs. Mounting higher, we reached a kind of tableland, where the heather was shorter and the footing easier, and at the end of this plateau, at a considerable height from the road, we came upon a well-made zigzag track constructed by the deerstalkers for bringing down the produce of the chase. This path, with a wonderfully smooth and firm bottom of granite sand, wound up the steep breast of the mountain by a series of inclines increasing in steepness as we ascended, which severely tried our muscular powers and the capacity of our lungs. It was hot work, for the side of the hill reflected the heat of the sun and prevented the cool breeze that played around the heights from reaching us.

About half-way up we had a glorious view, from the place where we sat down to rest a little, of the upper part of Glen Eunach, into which we looked down. The head of the glen is shut in by a lofty and rugged amphitheatre of cliffs—called Corour. The north side is composed of the huge bastion of Braeriach, rising up plateau above plateau ; while in front of us, on the south side, were the great precipices of Scorrán Dhu, forming peaks and spires of indescribable grandeur. The face of the perpendicular cliffs, more than two thousand feet in height, was broken up into deep rifts, with long trailing heaps of débris at their bottom, and great outstanding buttresses of rock, as if these mighty masses required additional support ; and the colour of the granite was a rich dark-blue, like the bloom on a plum. The rocks had caught this hue from the sky during untold ages of exposure to sun and storm. How different from this elevation did the cliffs of the Scorrán Dhu appear than when seen at the foot of the hill ! There they were foreshortened and dwarfed, and the frowning bloom which gave such an awe-inspiring look to them vanished to a pale-brown hue, almost like that of ordinary granite. Only at their own height can mountains and men be truly measured !

In all the district there is not a grander view than this. Loch Eunach, as it reposes in the hollow between those great cliffs and mountains, with their gloomy shadows cast down upon its wind-swept waters breaking into frequent curves of foam, equals, if not surpasses, the wonderfully wild view of Loch Avon from the heights of Ben Macdhui above it. In that weird caldron of the storms, that den 'where,' as Wordsworth boldly says, 'the earthquake might hide her cubs,' the imagination could revel in the most dreadful shapes of ancient superstition. We do not wonder that before the Highland fancy, in such lonely places, visions of water-bulls and ghostly water-kelpies should form themselves out of the gathering mists. To be alone on the shores of such a loch during a tempest would be the height of sublimity. Ossian and the Inferno would be seen in the writhing mists and foaming waters and frowning

rocks, appearing and disappearing through the clouds; and the howling of the winds would seem like the spirits of the lost. Even on the brightest summer day, when sitting on the pure white granite sand at the margin of the loch, one seems like sitting 'on the shore of old romance,' and has an eerie feeling, as if the veil that separated the seen from the unseen were thinner in this place than anywhere else, and might be lifted at any moment and some uncanny shape appear.

At the end of the deerstalkers' path we came to what is called 'the saddle' of the mountain—an extensive plateau covered with broken fragments of granite, over which it was somewhat difficult to walk. From this plateau a steep ridge ascended, also covered with granite stones, interspersed with tufts of moss and patches of arctic willow. The heather had disappeared a considerable distance below, and here and there cushions of the lovely moss-campion, starred with its numerous crimson blossoms, formed a soft sward. The round, crinkled leaves of the cloud-berry, without its white blossom, appeared in the moister places—the badge of the clan Macfarlane. The ridge we were traversing broke off abruptly at the edge of the steep, rugged precipices of the eastern corrie. Carefully avoiding the dangerous edge, we climbed up the steep side of the ridge, and reached an elevated plain, extending northwards for nearly a mile. This plain was paved with smooth granite slabs; and here and there were patches of turf covered with the softest moss, and large spaces of granite sand, channelled by the melting snows, which linger here far into summer, and by the sudden rills of water formed by the storms. Amongst the detritus, where the quartz is more abundant, a few pieces of cairngorm stones may be picked up, but of no great beauty or value. The flat granite slabs had hardly any of the moss and lichen vegetation which at such elevations usually covers the surface of exposed rocks. They were singularly bare, and marked only by the black charred fragments of the tripe-de-roche lichen

—a species of Gyrophora, which Franklin and his companions were compelled to eat in the Arctic regions in the absence of all other food. Among the stony débris a little rill flowed from the side of a higher point of the hill to the right, and lined its course with the softest and greenest moss, which was inexpressibly pleasant to the eye in the desolate wilderness. The water was delightfully bright and cold, and nearer the haunts of man would have been an invaluable treasure. As it was, a draught from its crystal goblet was most refreshing. Nowhere is the water so exquisitely clear as among these granite mountains. The beauty of the many rills that cross one's path is most fascinating. You can hardly tear yourself away from the charm of the little transparent pools with their edges of emerald moss, and from the sweet gurgling sound they make in the awe-struck silence, and the delicious coldness of the sparkling water, which you are tempted at every step to scoop up with your hand and drink, infusing new vigour into your parched frame. The granite rock holds these rills like a crystal goblet, and from its hard sides no particle is worn away to pollute the purity of the element or tame its brilliant lustre.

The scent of the beneficent waters nourished some sparse vegetation on the upland plain which we were traversing, among which I noticed large tufts of a dark chocolate-coloured moss, called the alpine Andrea; while patches of alpine Azalea creeping along the soil, but destitute of blossoms, and cushions of woolly fringe moss (*Trichostomum*) strove to carpet the ground and prevent the weathering of the granite rocks. But there was nothing else in the way of botany to attract our attention. Braeriach is much poorer in alpine vegetation than the other members of the great group of which it forms a part. Ben Macdhui has some rare flowering-plants, and Cairngorm is rich in lichens and mosses, the snow-white curly tufts of the *Cetraria* and the tangled creeping sulphur-coloured filaments of the *Cornicularia* being abundant on the slope near the cairn. The blue alpine sow-thistle (*Mulgedium alpinum*), one of the rare treasures of this region, is not found on Braeriach, being confined almost entirely to the northern ridge of the great corrie of Lochnagar, although at one time it must have spread over the whole range of the Cairngorm mountains. The most interesting form of vegetable life on Braeriach is the *Hieracium nigrescens*, the black-headed hawkweed, which is pretty frequent on the rocks of the western corries. There are several other species of hawkweed found on this mountain, which are considered rare and peculiar, but most of them are evidently only varieties of a few species not yet determined, differing according to soil and situation.

When we compare the flora on the summits of the Cairngorm range with the flora on the tops of the Breadalbane mountains, we see an extraordinary contrast in point of variety and luxuriance between the two habitats. The poverty and inferiority of the Cairngorm flora may be attributed to several causes—to the comparative dryness of the climate, to the sterility of the granite soil, and to the generally inhospitable character of the contour of the hills, affording few crevices and ledges and shady corners in which alpine plants may find shelter and security. On the Breadalbane mountains, on the other hand, the frequent clouds and rain, the fertility of the micaceous soil, and the rugged and varied outlines into which the micaceous schist of which they are composed breaks up under the weather, favour a most remarkable profusion of the rarest and most interesting species of alpine plants in Britain. On the Cairngorm range the most interesting plants are not found on the summits, but in the corries and passes at a considerably lower elevation. In the Larich Ghru Pass, between the shoulders of Braeriach (which southern readers may be glad to know is pronounced like Bray-ree'-agh) and Ben Macdhui, the highest part of which is 2750 feet above the level of the sea, making it the highest pass in Britain, which is hardly ever free from clouds and mists, there is a great abundance of alpine plants of the commoner sorts. Among these may be seen the rare *Saxifraga rivularis* and immense quantities of *Cornus suecica*, growing among the whortleberry bushes along the banks of the stream, a most attractive and noticeable plant alike when it puts forth its curious snow-white blossoms, with black tufts of stamens and pistils in the centre, or when it is crowned with one or two scarlet transparent berries.

After crossing the wide, desolate plain already alluded to, we passed to the north, where the ground rose a good deal higher, and in a short time surmounted the ridge. On the highest point of the plateau to the right the cairn came into view, hardly to be distinguished from the débris around, and concealed until you come to it by a rugged pile of semi-detached blocks—constituting the overhanging face of a precipice—which look as if they had been artificially built. With a sigh of relief we sat down on a granite boulder and gazed around. We began the ascent about one o'clock, and it was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon; having consumed about three hours in the very leisurely ascent from the base in Glen Eunach.

The wind was pretty high and very cold, interfering with our comfort; but the distances were wonderfully clear, though the sky was covered in some parts with dark ominous clouds, which threatened to descend in mist or rain and made us feel a little anxious. It is not safe to be caught in mist on the summit of Braeriach, for the level plateau suddenly, without any warning, breaks down into the most formidable line of precipices to be found in Britain, extending for upwards of two miles, and a single false step in the cloudy darkness might precipitate one into the awful gulf. The cairn which crowns the highest point is only two or three yards from the brink of this tremendous precipice, and it is dangerous to stand between it and the edge in a high wind—and even in calm weather, unless you have a cool head. The gathering clouds, while not obstructing the distant views, gave them a peculiarly sombre aspect, increasing the height of the mountains and deepening the gloom of the valleys, and brightening by contrast the flashing gleam of the multitude of lakes and streams that diversified the vast landscape.

One sometimes sees very peculiar atmospheric effects among these mountains. I remember, when descending on one occasion from the summit of Cairngorm, which was enveloped in a dense mist, and coming to a lower part of the mountain, where the mist was thinning out to mere wisps of vapour before finally vanishing into the clear sunny air below, how every object in the wide view appeared of an extraordinary blue colour, varying from the palest shade to the darkest tint. Only by these varying shades of hue could the different objects be distinguished. The mountains appeared a dark cobalt, the green forests and valleys of an indigo shade, and the lakes and streams of the brightest silvery blue. The particles of vapour acted like a vast number of prisms so set that they refracted this uniform cerulean tint upon all the landscape, and gave it an appearance as if the blue summer sky had been inverted, or as if earth and heaven had changed places. It was a remarkable phenomenon.

Near the cairn there is an angle formed by a deep gully in the gigantic wall of precipices, down which you can look and obtain a most magnificent view of the vast gorge which separates Braeriach from Cairntoul—a disconsolate glen, hating as it were its own gloom that kept it leafless and desolate; and farther beyond, of the lower reaches of the Larich Gru Pass; and in the distance, of the green valley of the Dee, with its richly-wooded banks, with the majestic form of

Lochnagar crowning the landscape. Cairntoul, which rises up across the gorge to almost the same height as Braeriach, is the most striking member of the Cairngorm range. Its shape is much more pyramidal than the others, and its double top is formed of huge granite boulders piled up like a gigantic cairn. At a great height on its side is a corrie filled with a beautiful little circular lake, which shows as green as an emerald in the afternoon light, and is called from its colour 'Loch-an-Uaine.' In the wild gorge between the two mountains you see the white waters of the Garrochory burn issuing from this small lake. Near the summit of Braeriach, at the north-west extremity, are five springs which are perennial, and are called the 'Wells of Dee.' The rills from these springs unite a little lower down the mountain at an elevation of about 4000 feet, and farther on to the southward join the Garrochory. These wells are supposed to form the principal source of the Dee. At this height you cannot distinguish the varied tones of the minstrelsy of the stream as it breaks into foam among the numerous boulders in its course; but you hear instead an all-pervading sigh or murmur in the air, like the distant echo of the shout of a multitude, which has an indescribably grand effect upon the mind. From the same source also come two other wild alpine torrents, the Geusachan and the Geauley, which unite farther down to form the Dee, a full-bodied river at this point, that flows due east towards cultivation, where it exchanges the gigantic shadow of the desolate mountains for the beautiful lowland scenery on its banks.

To the north-east the dark-fretted rocks of Craig-an-Gechan, or the Lurcher's Crag, which form the precipitous wall on one side of the Larich Pass, appeared prominently in view; and beyond them the long, level summit of Ben Macdhui, gleaming red in the level afternoon light, surrounded by the wild grandeur of the crags about Loch Etachan and Loch Avon—'the grisly cliffs that guard the infant rills of Highland Dee.' In this northward direction Ben Wyvis, in Ross-shire, revealed itself like dim cloud in the far distance. To the westward the highest point of Ben Nevis stormed the heavens, and gathered a fringe of dark clouds around its brow. Southwards the eye identified one after another the familiar heights of Ben Lawers, Schiehallion, Ben More, Ben Cruachan, Ben Ledi, and Ben Vorlich. To the eastward dark Lochnagar reared its crest above the surrounding mountains in that quarter, while the horizon of the south-east was bounded by the round shoulders of Ben-y-Ghlo. The panorama of the whole Highlands of Scotland seemed to spread out in one uninterrupted view before me—a tumultuous ocean of dark mountains, with here and there the solid mass crested with glistening snow.

The great group of the Cairngorm range forms the roof of Scotland, and occupies the most imposing elevated ground in Britain. The boundary between the counties of Aberdeen and Inverness runs along the ledge of Braeriach, and is one of the grandest lines of delimitation in the kingdom. Seated beside the cairn, the eye can command a distinct view of the southern bend of the great rampart of precipices at the back of the mountain; and it is an awe-inspiring sight. The broad

tableland drops sheer down in a mighty, solid cliff without ridge or crevice to break its uniformity. So perpendicular is its brow that hardly a moss or lichen finds footing on it; and the red, naked granite frowns against the sky-line with an angry glare, as if daring the most intrepid visitor to stand on its giddy edge and look over. Gazing on the sublime picture of solitary grandeur spread out before me, in which the wild chaos of mountains had swallowed up all traces of man's presence, and not a single human habitation or sign of cultivation was visible in all the immeasurable horizon, I felt to the full the inspiration of the scene. So quickened is the pulse, so elevated the feelings, that one hour in such a situation is worth a whole month on the tame level of ordinary life in the city or on the plain. The mind receives a keener edge, and is quick to perceive the interest that is not only in the great whole of the view, but also in the smallest details of it. And even a piece of stone, or a cushion of moss beside one's feet, appeals to the intellect and heart in a way that is never yielded to amid the commonplace circumstances of ordinary life. You notice objects in such a place that never attract your attention on the low ground.

How beautiful does the geographical lichen (*Lecidea geographicus*) look to you, covering the surface of a piece of quartz with the living mosaic of its primrose-yellow thallus, interspersed with black lines and dots like the towns and rivers of a map, and you reflect that this lowly lichen marks the extreme limit of arctic, antarctic, and alpine vegetation on the globe, and is the last effort of expiring Nature to crown the desolate rocks with life! How curious are the slender, white, wormy-looking stems of the *Cladonia vermicularis*, as they twist themselves among the black, peaty mosses! You would think that some one with a bag of vermicelli had dropped its contents on the ground. Among them the turf is ploughed up by the hoofs of red-deer as they pass to and fro over the crest of the mountain. But this was the only sign of them we saw on that occasion. Animal life was conspicuous by its absence; but a few ptarmigan flew close to us among the rocks, uttering their low, clucking cry, their plumage in the process of changing from the snowy hue of winter to the mottled gray colours of summer, harmonising in a wonderful manner with the lichen-covered cliffs which they frequent, and so helping to conceal them from their enemies. The mystery of the mountain is in the eye of the lowly wild-flower that strives in a forlorn way to embellish the brown weather-beaten turf; and every tuft of grass that waves in the wind, and every little rill that trickles in the silence, seem to be conscious of the sublimity of the spot. Problems of the original upheaval by some mighty internal force of the mass of primary rock which forms the base of the whole group of mountains occupy and stimulate the mind. The granite detritus, of which you take up a handful from the ground beside your feet, and pass like sand through your fingers, seems like Nature's great hour-glass speaking to you of worlds that have passed away in ages for which you have no reckoning, of universal decay and death; and you are reminded that these seemingly everlasting mountains are perishing slowly, when measured by man's notions of time, but surely; for, as the

poet tells us, they are only clouds a little more stable and enduring, that change their shapes and flow from form to form, and at last disappear for ever in the eternal blue.

A TSAR'S GRATITUDE.

BY FRED WHISHAW.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MEANWHILE the student's 'act of attestation,' together with the reports and endorsements relating to Philipof's subsequent conduct, was duly laid before the Emperor. The Tsar read the chief document once, and then read it again. Then he passed his eye over the endorsement, and glanced at the report of the police-officer. Then he summoned Dostoief.

'Volódyá,' said his Majesty, as Vladimir Dostoief obeyed his summons and entered the well-known corner-room at the Winter Palace, the favourite apartment of Alexander II., and which has never been touched from the day of his death to this—'Volódyá, read this; forget that the man is your relative by marriage, and tell me your honest opinion.'

Dostoief took the papers, started as he first became aware of their purport, and then continued to read calmly to the end, honestly endeavouring to bring to bear upon the subject an even and unprejudiced mind. He read the document, with all its reports and addenda, twice through, just as the Emperor had done; then he sighed and laid the packet upon the table.

'I fear there is little doubt, your Majesty,' he said; 'there can be but one opinion.'

'Maybe; but do not answer for others. Your own opinion is all I ask,' said the Emperor. 'You are afraid we have made a grand mistake and terribly injured an innocent man—is that it? Then we will make a grand reparation, Dostoief. I am inclined to think with you.'

'Your Majesty has quite mistaken my meaning,' said Dostoief. 'What I meant to convey was that I fear there is little doubt as to this Philipof's guilt. The unhappy man was an accomplice of the dead rogue, Smirnof. Together they planned and carried out the infamous attempt upon your Majesty's sacred person five years ago; together they were imprisoned for it; and together they ought to have been hung for their offence. But they outwitted us, sire, by accusing each the other, and thus both saved their necks through your clemency. Again, one member of this precious confederacy of guilt dies, like a dog, in the streets, and in order to reinstate his partner and set him loose once more upon society, he draws up in dying an impudent vindication of his surviving confederate, who, even at the very moment that his friend is dictating the document, is actually engaged in assisting revolutionists to escape the custody of the police, and who, afterwards, is seen deliberately and openly in communication with one who is known to be a dangerous "suspect."

The Tsar appeared to be disappointed and grieved to hear Dostoief's reading of the problem.

'I am sorry that this should be your opinion,' he said, with a sigh. 'I am well aware, Dostoief, that your loyalty is perfect; but does not your

love for myself incline you to be harsh in your judgment of this poor fellow? In your anxiety to serve me well, you must be careful not to err on the side of severity. How dreadful if it were some day to turn out that we had wronged this man from beginning to end!"

"I am afraid there is no likelihood of that," said Dostoief; and it may be supposed that he believed himself to be entirely in earnest.

"At all events we need not be in a hurry to condemn," said the Tsar; "and it appears to me that we shall best judge of the rights and wrongs of the matter by carefully watching the career of this Philipof. If he be a *vaurien*, as you fear, you may be sure he will betray himself before long, if unmolested; on the other hand, if his behaviour should be irreproachable, I shall be inclined to think well of Smirnof's dying attestation. You shall bid the police, Volodya, leave the man absolutely to himself. Let us judge him without regard to his past. It is in my mind, my friend, that we may possibly be doing this relative of your wife's a terrible injustice. You do not think so, I see. Well, thanks for your devotion to my person; but think more kindly of your poor relative, if you can."

Dostoief looked dubious. "Your Majesty, with your usual clemency, is inclined to lean to the side of mercy," he said. "I wish I could think with you, sire; but your heart was ever a gentle and sympathetic one, while I, who am but a rough soldier, incline only towards plain justice, as I discern it in facts plainly proved."

And so it happened that the student's 'act' was left open for consideration, though it secured for Philipof what he was destined to find presently a great convenience—namely, immunity from police interference.

Meanwhile the day came round for that important meeting of the brotherhood at which Doonya was to learn what was expected of her as an alternative to the capital sentence involved in the receipt of a green ticket, and Philipof despatched his friend in the dusk of evening to the appointed rendezvous. He accompanied her as far as was desirable, though not within a quarter of a mile of her destination, and there he bade her farewell and a brave spirit.

"I swear they shall not hurt you, my Doonya," were his last words. "I have my plans, and shall tell you all when you return. Don't be longer than you can help, for remember that I anxiously await your coming. I shall be on board the yacht at ten."

With this parting encouragement ringing in her ears, Doonya went boldly into the very den of the lion. It had come to this, that she would gladly have gone into the very jaws of death at Philipof's bidding.

As for Philipof himself, he paid a visit to his little nephew and niece, Matrona again proving absolutely faithless and disobedient towards her employer, whose orders were that Philipof should not, under any circumstances, be allowed access to the children; and for a full hour did uncle Sasha sit upon little Petka's bed and tell the oft-told and favourite, and exceedingly indiscreet, story of the unfortunate officer who was persecuted by an unappreciative sovereign. And again that potentate was criticised by the juvenile lips, and held up to scorn, and compared with the present wicked

Emperor, who prevented a father from visiting his own children.

When the little ones had chattered enough, and had heard stories told until the despair of irresistible sleep descended upon their eyes, and the kindly and punctual god of slumber had so dulled their ears that they could exercise their office no longer, Philipof bade them good-night and walked up towards far Podnefsky, the grain wharf, where No. 15 lay nearly loaded. Doonya had not arrived, and Philipof paced the quay, up and down, to the great wonder of the night-watchman, who knew him by sight, and therefore did not interfere; but who informed his friends afterwards that the superintendent of Messrs Higginbottom & Co., the great grain shippers, was as mad as a March hare, and was not content with working all day at the wharf, but must needs come and spend the night in walking up and down the quay as well. Had Philipof happened to encounter a spy or emissary from the brotherhood during this nightly perambulation, there would have been a plunge and a swim for that agent, for Philipof was in the mood to stand no nonsense from the brotherhood or any one else.

Doonya arrived at last, and had a terrible tale to tell. Her nerves were very shaky with the trying ordeal she had just passed through; and though she began by declaring that she was not frightened and entirely trusted Sasha to rescue her from the position she was placed in, yet she several times burst into tears before she could begin herself to commence her story.

The general meeting, it appeared, had been a very short one; but she and two others had been summoned to attend at the inner circle afterwards. The five members of that body had been draped and masked in order to avoid the possibility of recognition, and the president himself, the terrible No. 1, had revealed the enterprise in which the three condemned persons were invited to take part.

This enterprise was, of course, the plot against the Emperor's life, of which mention has already been made. Doonya was to be armed with pistols, and to be provided with a stall in the fourth row from the orchestra on the left side of the Grand Theatre, commonly called the *Bolshoi Thedter*, close under the private imperial box. In case his Majesty should occupy this, instead of the large state box in the centre of the *Bel-étage*, Doonya was to be ready, and to shoot him down the instant he appeared. The other two 'sentenced' persons were to occupy places close to the state box and the grand entrance respectively. Such was the alternative offered to them as to Doonya. Answers were to be handed in on the following morning to Doctor Kirilof, who was known to all; and in the evening, should either of the three have chosen self-effacement in preference to the honourable employment offered them as an alternative, Doctor Kirilof would return with certificate of death. Of course every precaution would be taken against any attempt either by Doonya or the others to betray the society rather than conform to its injunctions. It was all very simple. Doonya must consent, to-morrow morning, to be a party to the most infamous of murders, if not the actual assassin, or in the evening, when the Doctor called a

second time, she must be dead and ready to be certificated. But when the girl had finished her tale, Philipof laughed and said it was ludicrous that people generally supposed to be so cautious and astute should act so childishly as this precious inner circle had acted to-night. They had evidently lost sight of the fact that he, Philipof, was by to protect Doonya.

'But, my Sasha,' Doonya wailed, 'you cannot—how can you protect me? You can pitch Kirilof into the water when he comes, of course; but that will not help us. Violence will not save me, my soul. The circle can employ a host of messengers; they will not rest until their horrible will is accomplished; you will be murdered as well as I, my beloved, and that is all that will come of your heroism and resource!'

'Listen here, Doonya,' said Philipof; 'do you not see how the land lies? These people have told you their secret. Very well. You cannot reveal it, because you are probably watched, and because they rely upon your terror of themselves for getting their will of you. You will either perform your share of the work in hand, they think, or drink this stuff here. But, you see, you have told me this secret, and I intend to use my knowledge to our mutual advantage. I dare say there is some fellow outside now at this moment watching to see that you do not escape to Cronstadt in this lighter. First of all I am going to settle accounts with that gentleman. In the morning we will see what we can make of the good Doctor. Sleep well to-night, my love, for—trust me—I have this affair well in hand.'

DIAMONDS—AS MADE BY NATURE AND BY MAN.

By JOHN B. C. KERSHAW.

ELECTRICITY, as an agent in the hands of man, has during the half-century that is about to close received many striking applications and has achieved many triumphs. One of the latest, but by no means the least, of these is that relating to its use in the electric-furnace as a means of producing extremely high temperatures, for its application as a source of heat has led to the discovery of the method by which Nature made her diamonds and other precious stones. Until the year 1777, the diamond was believed to be a kind of rock-crystal, and its close connection with one of the most plentiful and least valuable of all the chemical elements—carbon—was not proved until the early years of this century. If the old alchemists who worked so industriously through the Middle Ages had only known this fact, the transmutation of the baser metals into gold, which at that time was the problem to the solution of which all their efforts were directed, would have ceased to attract. To convert at will dirty, black, valueless carbon into the transparent flashing crystals of almost priceless value, they would have felt, was a problem far more worthy their attention and study. But these old experimenters, with their lofty aims and desire to transmute all baser metals into gold, and to dis-

cover an elixir of life, were not gifted in the art of reading Nature's mysteries; and it is quite certain that, had they known that the diamond was merely a crystalline form of carbon, they would have failed in their attempts to produce it in their laboratories.

Lavoisier, the distinguished French chemist, in the years 1770–1780 carried out experiments which proved that the diamond, when strongly heated in air, burns away, and that the gases produced contain carbonic acid. Sir Humphry Davy in 1814 completed the proof by showing that no water is produced by this combustion, and that consequently the diamond is formed of one element only—carbon. Since that date until the present decade little further progress had been made in our knowledge of the diamond. In the year 1892 a celebrated French chemist named Moissan commenced to experiment upon this subject; and, with a clue to Nature's method of manufacture given by the discovery of minute diamonds in some specimens of meteoric iron, he was soon able to announce to the French Academie des Sciences that this problem was solved, and that he had been successful in producing diamonds in his laboratory at Paris.

The chief agent in this success was the electric-furnace, with which Moissan had attained temperatures hitherto far beyond the chemist's command—temperatures which approach those at present existing in our sun. The electric-arc light is now so commonly used that there are few who have not seen the arc-lamps being cleaned, and who have not observed the two carbon-pencils, between the points of which the arc is formed. The electric current, in passing across the air-gap between the carbon points, develops not only intense light but also a most intense heat; and if the carbon-pencils be enclosed in a suitably-shaped fireclay box to guard against the loss of heat by radiation, the modern electric-furnace is obtained. The fireclay case is generally lined with lime or prepared charcoal in order to protect it from the intense heat of the arc; whilst in some cases a lining of the materials which are to be heated is used as well.

In such a furnace, using large currents of electricity, temperatures of between 3000° and 4000° C. have been obtained; and many compounds of carbon and silicon with the metals have been formed that were hitherto unknown or that had only been found in Nature.

The diamonds which Moissan has been able to produce by his method in Paris are artificial only in the sense that they are the product of the laboratory. They possess the hardness, clearness, high refractive power, and form of those found in Nature; their only deficiency is in size, the largest Moissan has yet produced being only one-twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter. The method used by Moissan is as follows:

Pure iron is melted in a carbon crucible by means of the electric current, and into this molten iron a cylinder of iron, charged with specially prepared sugar charcoal, is dropped. When the whole mass has attained a very high temperature the crucible is withdrawn, and is plunged into cold water, or into a bath of molten lead. After a thick crust of solid metal has

formed, the further cooling is allowed to take place in air; and, when quite cold, the iron mass is attacked with acids, in order to dissolve the metal in which the diamonds are embedded. This treatment with acids is continued until all the iron has been removed; and then other chemicals are used to destroy the grains of graphite. The residue which remains after this treatment is composed of minute diamonds and small fragments of carbonado, or impure diamond.

The theory that Moissan has advanced to explain his method is, that certain metals which take carbon into solution or combination at high temperatures, when submitted to great pressure and rapid cooling, deposit this carbon in the crystalline form known as diamond.

Iron and silver are the two metals which most readily show this dissolving property for carbon; and since iron is so much the cheaper, it is generally used in these experiments. Iron is also a metal which expands on solidifying. Hence, when a mass of molten iron has become invested with a shell of solid metal, the solidification of the inner mass is attended by tremendous pressure on the outer shell; and the cooling thus produces the conditions required for the separation of the dissolved carbon in the crystalline form.

Since the artificial production of diamonds in the laboratory is thus shown to be a question simply of high temperature and of great pressure, it becomes of interest to inquire how Nature obtained these conditions when producing her diamonds in a bygone day. There are two theories based upon these successful experiments of Moissan. According to the one, Nature formed her diamonds deep down in the earth at an early period of its geological history. According to the other, she formed them, and is still forming them, in those fragments of matter which we call meteorites; and all the diamonds we possess are presents from the outer world of space.

In both cases the necessary conditions—a molten mass at a high temperature, and great pressure during cooling—would obtain.

This earth was once a glowing ball of molten matter, enveloped in clouds of hot and sulphurous vapour—a reproduction on a small scale of our own sun at the present time. As the centuries rolled on this fiery ball became invested with a crust of solid rock; and as the cooling process continued this crust grew slowly in thickness, and those mighty forces began to operate which, acting suddenly, have torn the earth's crust asunder, and have produced chasms, faults, and precipices; or, acting more gradually, have raised the continents above the seas, and have caused the mountains to overlook the plains. Within this solid crust there was still the glowing, fiery heart of molten matter, compressed with a mighty force, and finding occasional vent through the volcanoes of that primeval time. We can easily conceive that diamonds formed under such conditions would be larger and finer than any it is within man's power to produce. Their transportation from the deeper levels where they were first formed to the surface of the earth's crust is explained by volcanic action. The famed Kimberley diamond-mines consist of immense 'pipes' of 'blue earth,' in which the diamonds are fairly evenly distributed; and all the appear-

ances at this 'diamond-field' are in support of the theory that a mud-volcano once existed on this spot, and brought up the clay and diamonds from the lower levels of the earth's strata.

The second theory, which ascribes diamonds to a meteoric origin, may be correct in certain cases; but it is not very applicable to such a wonderfully valuable mine as that of the De Beers at Kimberley, which has produced in the last ten years diamonds worth many millions of pounds sterling, and is still supplying the whole of the world's demand.

Turning now to the gems of lesser value and beauty, we find that they are all crystalline forms of commonly-occurring chemical substances. Thus, oxide of aluminium is found as clay everywhere, and in its purest form—as kaolin—is worth about a penny per pound. When crystallised it is known as ruby, sapphire, emerald, and amethyst, the varying colours of these gems being due to the small amounts of other substances associated with the alumina. Similarly, oxide of silicon, or 'silica,' is one of the most commonly-occurring substances, and in its ordinary forms is known as quartz and sand. The precious stones, chalcedony, jasper, and opal, are, however, simply silica in a rarer crystalline form.

Though as yet these gems have not all been produced artificially in the laboratory of the chemist by the aid of the electric-furnace, there is strong evidence for the belief that the general principles of the method used by Moissan for the production of the diamond will be found applicable in the case of these other gems, and that alumina or silica dissolved at high temperature in some suitable solvent will separate in the crystalline forms desired when this solvent is subjected to great pressure during cooling. The question immediately arises as to how far greater experience and skill in the use of this method will lead to increase in the size of the crystals produced. Are we to expect that in the near future diamonds and other gems possessing not only the brilliancy and colour, but also the magnitude of those found in the earth's crust will be produced at will by the modern electro-metallurgist in his laboratory, and that the manufacture of gems will become an industry of recognised and permanent importance? A paragraph which appeared in one of the New York papers last year informed us that a New York professor (!) had, indeed, arranged to commence the manufacture of gems at Niagara, the intention being to use electrical energy supplied by the power station at the Falls. The New York professor (!) has, however, not yet started his manufactory; and it is the writer's opinion that he never will. When one recalls to mind the mighty masses of molten matter and the gigantic forces which have been used by Nature to produce these precious stones, upon which we set so much value, and compares with these the infinitely smaller scale upon which man, even with a Niagara to supply the electrical energy, is constrained to work, the idea that the products of man's efforts can ever rival in size or brilliancy the gems produced by Nature deep down in the bowels of the earth is seen to be laughably absurd. Man the chemist is but a pygmy, even in his grandest moments, when he measures himself against Nature, the great arch-chemist of the universe; and the gems formed with a few pounds

of iron in a small pot can never rival those formed in molten world rushing through infinite space, with thousands of years wherein to perfect their slow growth in size and beauty.

HOW THEY TOOK THE OLGA OUT.

A STORY OF THE PACIFIC SEALERS.

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS.

It happened a few years ago that the three Powers ruling over the frozen shores of the polar sea were engaged in a keen dispute as to the right of their respective subjects to kill the seal in the mist-shrouded waters of the North. British, Russian, and American diplomacy was hard at work, and meantime ugly rumours flew up and down the coast, from Alaska to Puget Sound. Boats, it was said, had been ruthlessly fired upon by Russian cruisers, schooners wrongfully seized, and—so the whispers ran—crews had been sent inland and lost in the silence of Siberia. Probably the rumours were not all true; but there are schooners missing to this day, and vessels actually sailed from Portland and Astoria armed with quick-firing guns.

A group of ragged men, who claimed the rights and privileges of British subjects, were seated above the weed-grown ledges of a certain harbour on the dreary Kamtchatkan coast towards the close of one lowering day. Behind them rose a wilderness of rocky hills, their summits veiled in mist, and sombre pine-woods about their feet; before them the lonely waters of the Pacific rolled eastwards until the long undulations were lost in trails of clammy mist. And this is the general aspect of the shores of the North from Lawrence Island round by the Aleutians to Cape Lopatka—forbidding gray headlands, neutral-tinted sea, a sky of steely-blue, and belts of eternal haze. The writer speaks advisedly, for he has been there.

The men were typical of their class—gaunt, hard-featured seafarers, who lived a rough and dangerous life, and feared no man on all the breadth of the ocean. The sealers are an ill folk to meddle with, and there are curious stories told of their doings from Mackenzie mouth to Japan. Now and then they fight vigorously for their rights, or what they consider their rights to be, with stretcher and handspike, and sometimes, it is said, with the big sealing-rifle too.

They were a tattered, disreputable crew, with a curious hollowness in their cheeks and an angularity of frame; for a Russian prison is not a healthy place to dwell in, nor is black bread of rye and bark a nourishing diet. One, however, betrayed himself in speech and gesture as an Englishman used to a different life. How Harry Ormond came to cast in his lot with these free-lances of the sea was his own affair; but unfortunately for himself he was there.

The oldest of the party leaned his head upon his hands and stared hard at a rickety, worm-

eaten schooner lazily dipping her bows into the gray-backed swells. She had been confiscated by the Russians many years before for illegal sealing, and was now too old for anything but a brief fishing-trip. There was a certain resolute look about the hard mouth and keen eyes of this man, as of one accustomed to carry his life in his hands and earn his bread in peril of grinding ice-pack and nameless reef.

‘What are you glaring at by the hour together, Steve Marshall?’ said Ephraim Fuller, one time mate of the sealing-schooner *Cedar-branch*, whose Japanese bride had long ago consoled herself for his disappearance with a Yankee whaler; and his comrade answered :

‘I was thinkin’ of all we’ve gone through since the Russians seized us off the Vitchka beach. Where’s our schooner now? And what are they doin’ at Ottawa to leave usrottin’ here?’

‘It’s curious,’ broke in the Englishman, ‘that the Russians should let us breathe free air at last. Why do they do it now? I wonder if that story of the Chatkadaler fishermen is true—sealers marched inland.’

‘They’ll never take me there alive,’ said Fuller the mate, ‘and my hide don’t value much. You’re skipper yet, Steve Marshall. Is there nothing we can do; an’ you with a wife in Westminster town?’

A low growl of approval went up, and the captain turned his steady gaze upon the speaker. Steve Marshall was not a man of many words, but what he said was generally to the point. So he answered slowly: ‘Give me time. I was thinkin’, too, that if we could get off some dark night, that old bucket of an *Olga* might make shift to take us home—an’ the sooner the better. Who knows what may happen next?’

Then a bugle-call rang out from beyond the clustering roofs of the wooden town, and the boom of a gun answered, for the watery sun had set. A Russian soldier strode out of the gathering mist above, and, leaning on his rifle, beckoned with his hand; and they followed without a word.

That night there was much earnest consultation in thefeld log-house prison, until at last Fuller the mate said: ‘It’s curious they’re not half so careful of us now. Perhaps it’s a trap for us to break out and get shot, so the less noise the better, Steve; there may be a sentry there.’

‘The worse for that sentry, then,’ answered Marshall, swinging a massy pinewood stool aloft to the full swoop of his powerful arms. Down it came with a whirr and a crash; the barred door shivered, and a little chilly air blew in upon them.

‘All together; shove,’ said the mate.

There was a splintering of timber as the door fell back, the night wind swept their faces, and they were free.

‘Now,’ said Marshall, ‘there are two things to be done. One is to rustle for the beach, and the other is to bring the *Siwash*’ (British Columbia coast Indians) ‘sealers out. Who’ll slip down to the other log-house? I don’t sail without them.’

Then there was discussion and dissension. Some said it was madness to risk the safety of all for the alien dory-hands, and others agreed with the skipper that the *Siwash* should have a chance.

'We signed on each man his share in the skins, each man his share in the risk,' said Marshall gravely. 'They did their part, and I do mine ; they sail with us, or I raise the town.'

'I'll go,' answered the mate. 'We'll be on the beach in an hour ; if not, we'll never come. You can sail without us then.'

A little fitful moonlight shone down for a time upon the shingled roofs as the men crept cautiously towards the inlet, then the fog rolled down in chilly wreaths, and the fierce baying of a hound rose up above the moaning of the sea.

They cursed the dog beneath their breath, pressing on the faster, and at last stood upon the weed-grown ledges, with the long swell lifting the sea-rack at their feet. The fog was sliding past in woolly wisps ; but through the whiteness something loomed out shadowy and indistinct, and there was a sound as of the tide racing past the bows of a rolling vessel.

'There she is,' said Marshall ; 'they'd hear us a mile away draggin' a boat over the shingle at the landin'. Two men must swim, and bring the dory off. I'm one.'

'I'm the other,' spoke up Ormond ; and some one said, 'Well done for the old country.'

The two men shed most of their garments upon the weed, and waded cautiously down the shelf. A brimming swell rolled in out of the night, lapped about them from knee to breast, cold as death with the chill of the Arctic ice ; and Ormond felt something strike through him like a knife. Then there was a shout in his ear, 'Head up-tide all you're worth ;' and he launched out with the streaky backwash. For a time he could see nothing but a clammy curtain of mist ; then his eyes caught the dull shimmer of the dripping hull, and a voice said, 'Up-tide ; it's runnin' like a sluice-head.'

The schooner lay close at hand, but their limbs were stiffened by confinement, and the yards seemed miles as they fought the icy stream together side by side. At last the wallowing hull was close ahead, and Marshall gasped, 'Grab the channels when she rolls down.'

Ormond slid beneath the bowsprit ; the wet side swayed towards them as the dark sea sucked it down, and the longed-for hand-hold swept past, a foot above their grasp. Clutching at the slimy pinewood he drove along the bends, and a spluttering voice behind him said, 'Thank the Lord, there's a dory astern ; it's our only chance.'

A moment later the two men grasped the trailing painter, and with pain and difficulty dragged themselves in over the bows. Next they cast the dory loose, and a murmur of applause and welcome went up as they came shorewards across the tide.

'Take the oars. We have done our part,' said Marshall when the keel ground upon the stone. The men tumbled in, a swell poured deep across the gunwale, then the dory shot out into the mist as fast as the bending blades could drive her through the water, and ran crashing alongside the schooner. Gaskets were cast loose, and the big, mildewed fore-and-afters fluttered noisily aloft, shaking down a drenching shower upon the men below. Afterwards the skipper stood beside the wheel, staring into the fog, and Ormond paced fiercely to and fro to warm his

frozen limbs, longing as he had never longed before for the sound of footsteps on the beach. But there was nothing to break the stillness save the canvas slatting overhead in the land-breeze, the nervous whispers of the crew, and the moaning of the swell upon the weedy reefs.

'The hour's long past. Will they never come ?' said Marshall, and the men stirred uneasily as they strained both eyes and ears. At last a faint hail came down the wind, two hands leapt into the dory, and she slid away towards the inner harbour.

'They might hear the thudding of the oars half-way across the town,' said Ormond huskily ; and the skipper answered, 'They've probably been heard already, but that don't count if once we've the luck to take her out.'

Then the boat came back, loaded to the covering-strike, with the water foaming about her bows. A dozen brown-skinned Siwash leapt on board, and some one said, 'There's no time to man the levers ; half the place is coming down.'

Fuller the mate swung a hammer twice ; there was a sharp metallic clang as he drove out the shackle-pin and a grinding roar of chain running out. Then the headsails rattled up the stays, and as Marshall wrenches over the spokes, the schooner swung round upon her heel, with her bows towards the ocean. Two dark figures were clinging to the cross-trees overhead ; the thundering folds of the huge gaff-topsail hardened into iron curves ; and with the brine hissing around her stem, the *Olga* drove out goose-winged to sea.

'The Lord send us clear of the reefs this night,' said Fuller the mate ; and the skipper answered grimly, 'Reef, an' shelf, an' barrier, an' we're blundering through them all—straight away to sea.'

Two men were crouching upon the forecastle-head, straining their eyes to pierce the whiteness ; and presently there came a warning cry, 'Breakers ahead—starboard for your life !'

'Starboard it is ; stand by the guys,' was the answer from the helm, and the rotten boom-foresail jibbed over with a bang that rent it from throat to clew. Then, as the fluttering cloths blew out to lee, the schooner stopped dead with a shivering crash, and there was a sluicing of water along the deck.

'The shingle-barrier,' cried the mate ; 'perhaps she'll drive across.'

Twice the vessel quivered and groaned, grinding her keel among the pebbles. Then a long-backed swell rolled in, swayed her sluggishly aloft, and as she shot out into the night, leaving the last of the Russian ground behind, more than one ragged sealer shook his clenched fist in the direction of the invisible town with words which it is not lawful to use.

'Start the pumps, Fuller,' said the skipper ; 'after that the old wreck will be leaking like a sieve. Get below, you Siwash, and make a fire. You can settle the watch among yourselves.'

When day came and the *Olga* rolled southwards alone upon a narrow, mist-walled circle of streaky sea, they found the skipper's words were true—the ancient vessel leaked like a sieve, and a wide-meshed one at that. Furthermore, there were scarcely a week's poor rations on board, and

countless leagues of ocean lay between them and the sunny Straits of San Juan.

But Steve Marshall was in nowise dismayed. 'We must risk the cruiser—she can't steam eight knots—and run down the coast,' he said. 'There are villages to the southwards, and food I'm bound to have.'

Three days later they sighted a hamlet lying behind a long, surf-fringed point, and Marshall glanced dubiously at the entrance. 'Too much sea to work the boats here,' he said; 'but that inlet would be a very tight place to get out of in a hurry with the wind dead in. All the same we're bound to chance it,' and they ran the *Olga* in.

A few of the simple fisher-folks came off on board, for the 'Chatadalers' have dealings with the sealers at times. Then they gazed significantly at one another as they noted a certain mark branded into the heel of the mast and along the rail, and would have gone ashore. They knew there is no escape from the wrath of the Tsar, and that the claws of the Russian eagle strike far over land and sea. But the skipper stood quietly between them and the gangway, a weapon in his hand, and he conquered in the end. By fair means or foul, food he would have; and in a curious mixture of languages a bargain was struck. Boats, loaded with every coil of gear they could spare, pulled ashore, and came back with such delicacies as black bread, dried fish, and seal-oil; and the men sang at the oars as they drove them cheerfully into the teeth of the chilly swell. Hope was rising in their hearts again. Then, towards the close of the short Northern day, a trail of smoke crept out of the misty horizon, and the skipper ground his teeth.

'We're a mile from the heads—wind an' sea dead in, an' no room to beat,' he said. 'This craft can sail, old as she is; you've got to tow her clear of the point before that fellow's there. It's a Russian cruiser's hold or the open sea to-night.'

The men ashore had also seen the smoke, and read its meaning plainly. The last dory came flying alongside, cables were made fast, their last anchor slipped, and, at the cry of the mate, 'All together, walk her out; they'll never see the way she went,' the men settled down in grim earnest to their work. Ormond was pulling No. 2 in the whaleboat, the bending oars ripping through the water about him, and the gray sea lapping noisily against the landings of the clinker dory ahead. At times the schooner came shooting towards them with the towlines splashing slackly in the transparent brine; then she dropped astern, and the cables twanged and tautened into the likeness of iron bars, as though they were made fast to an immovable rock.

In ten minutes Ormond's throat was parched and the roof of his mouth dried up; but, setting his teeth hard, he bent over his oar until the stout loom creaked within his hand. Once the schooner slid forward almost on top of them, and for a moment it seemed as if the iron-headed martingale beneath her bowsprit would sweep some of the panting crew out of existence when her head came down. But the boat forged ahead in time, and they heard the hoarse voice of the mate: 'Give her fits—everlastin' fits. Stretch out, bullies; the mist's comin' down.'

Presently they reached more open water, and here the work grew harder still. The long swell heave the boat almost on end, smote the bows of the *Olga*, and checked her way in spite of their efforts. Ormond could hear the short, gasping breath of the men about him, and the smothered curses of him who pulled the stroke-oar; then from the lighter dory ahead there rose the half-choked refrain of some wild Siwash chant, and the oars seemed to swing a little less like bars of lead.

'There's a trickle of tide with us now. Keep it up—oh, keep it up!' roared Fuller the mate, flinging his arms about upon the *Olga*'s forecastle, and the whaler scooped a hundredweight of water in over her bows as they drove her through a sea. Ormond glanced forward over his shoulder, and saw two slender spars swinging to and fro at a wide angle as the cruiser crept up along the land, a trail of dingy smoke streaming seawards, streaked with red flame about the tip of the reeling funnel. But he also saw the merciful fog rolling up in sheltering wreaths.

On they went, wrenching upon the oars in grim silence now. Then there was a rattle of halliards, and the voice of Skipper Marshall fell upon their ears: 'Ten minutes more and you're clear. Pull for your lives.'

The thunder of the surf on the heads drowned the rattle and thud of the oars, when the welcome hail rose faintly above the song of the reef, 'Well done; alongside with you all,' and the two boats drove grinding against the schooner's bents.

'Cast them adrift. Up fore-sail and jibs,' roared the mate; and Ormond leapt on deck. The big mainsail and gaff- topsail were slashing to and fro; a group of men were hauling for dear life about the heel of the foremast; and presently, with a great rattling and slatting, the headsails went aloft. Then there was time to glance round, and as he dashed the perspiration from his forehead Ormond stared with all his eyes. The sea-fog was closing like a wall about the mouth of the inlet, though it was thinner than it would be by-and-by, and through the drifting haze he could see the spars of the cruiser rolling towards the deeper water on the northern side.

Meanwhile the wheel was held a-weather and the *Olga* gathering way. 'That,' said Marshall coolly, 'is the fellow we showed our heels to in the *Flora* twice, and this schooner can do it too. It's two boards to the entrance, an' a fair wind outside. We're no mark for a gun in the haze. Another drag on the mainsheet, Fuller.'

So, hurling the brine in stinging showers across her forecastle-head as she shouldered aside the long roll of the Pacific, the *Olga* drove forward into the gathering mist, straight for the shore, towards which the half-visible cruiser was heading fast.

Then a hoarse hail came down the wind, and they saw the shadowy bulk of the Russian lie wallowing right across their course as she steamed in to cut the schooner off.

'So far so good,' said Marshall very deliberately; 'there's more wind outside. Let her come round, and we'll see if he'll follow us through the surf.'

The helm was put a-lee, there was a great rattling of headsails, the fore-and-afters went over, and the *Olga*, gathering way on the other

tack, shot across in the direction of the spouting surf which swept the opposite point. Again a shout came out of the whiteness, followed by the clang of an engine-room gong and the clatter of reversed engines, and the steamer faded out of sight.

Marshall laughed softly as he clutched the jarring wheel. 'That Russian never thought we'd chance the surf on the reef,' he said. 'Guess they're lowering boats to seize the wreck, or searchin' for us up the inlet, now.'

The mist came down thicker than ever, and presently the swell hove itself on end about the schooner in steep-sided, white-topped ridges, which burst in clouds of spray over the fore-castle-head and sliced the sloping deck.

'It's touch-an'-go,' said Fuller the mate; 'there's the cruiser yonder if we go about, and how near the reef is to lee Heaven knows—a trifle closer, Steve.'

'Haul lee sheets,' said the skipper shortly, putting down the helm half-a-spoke; and for a space the men scarcely dared to breathe as the schooner swallowed and plunged through a white waste of curling sea. Presently the rollers grew smoother a little, the lurches easier, and at last the *Olga* swept swiftly southwards across the regular, deep-sea heave, the foam boiling about her bows, and the streaky crests of the undulations curled by the driving breeze rising in parallel ridges above her high-lifted weather rail.

Then the dull boom of a gun rang out across the point they had left behind, and Steve Marshall, easing his stiffened grasp upon the wheel, cried aloud, 'Outwitted an' outsaied—euchred, by the powers!'

The story of the rest of that voyage would take too long to tell. The *Olga* fell in with other schooners going north, whose skippers supplied her with provisions, or this story would never have been written. In due time she left the chill gray seas behind, and came out upon the white-flecked, turquoise-tinted waters of the Pacific south of the Skeena river, where the sea was bright with golden sunshine and the heavens one vault of azure above. Then they swept along, wing and wing, before a norther, down the west coast of British Columbia, where glacier-crested ranges, snowy peaks, and nameless valleys filled with primeval forest opened up and slid away astern as the *Olga* cleft the blue swell in her hurry south.

And all the time the pumps clanged night and day; there was much weary labour and but little sleep, for the venerable ruin leaked like a large colander now. At last, one morning, a glad shout went up as the mighty Olympians rose to view, a white shinner of snow far aloft in the crystalline azure, and apparently cut off from all connection with the earth below.

A week later the *Olga* sailed safely into the harbour of Victoria, B.C., that sunniest city of a beautiful land, and her crew were received like those risen from the dead. The writer was afterwards told that the schooner originally seized from Marshall was, through diplomatic efforts, sent back from Vladivostock; and the former owners of the rickety vessel rechristened *Olga* commenced a curious action to recover her from the salvors. Ormond, however, never quite knew how it was settled. He returned to a

different life, though he still looks back, and sometimes with a vague regret, to the days he dwelt among a strange and fearless people—when he sailed with the free-lances of the Northern seas.

REGIMENTAL BANDS.

It may safely be asserted that a regiment deprived of its band would lose much of that attractiveness in the public estimation which music confers in a degree hardly less than the scarlet coat itself. From the earliest times the sound of music has inspired the warrior in the fight—the war-song of the bards gradually giving place to the 'sonorous metal blowing martial sounds.' The horn and its varieties did duty at the battle of Hastings; while the trumpet, the fruitful parent of so many other wind-instruments, has been well known from the earliest period of human history. An example of the straight trumpet occurs on the monumental brass of Sir Roger de Trumpington, dating from about the year 1290, erected in the Cambridgeshire village of that name. Cornage tenure was once a familiar way of holding land, particularly on the Scottish Borders, conditionally on the tenants' blowing a horn in case of danger from invasion. The barony of Burgh-on-the-Sands, in Cumberland, was anciently so held. Froissart tells us that the Scots, with a view to frighten the soldiers of Edward III., 'made marvellous great fires, and about midnight such a blasting and noise with their horns, that it seemed as if all the great devils from hell had been come there.' And again, the same chronicler in 1338 records how the bass, the treble, and the tenor commanding their horrors to intimidate the Bishop of Durham and his army. It was by means of the shrill trump that orders to the army were usually conveyed.

More important still in its effects on hosts of men is the sound of the spirit-stirring drum. Probably introduced from the East, it is frequently mentioned in the accounts of the first Crusade. When Edward III. and his queen made their triumphal entry into Calais, 'tambours' or drums were among the instruments which were played in their honour. Another of these was called a 'naker' or kettledrum, taken, together with its name, from the Arabs. The poet Chaucer also mentions this instrument in his description of the tournament in the 'Knights Tale':

Fyfes, trompes, nakeres, and clariones,
That in the bataille blowen blody sounes.

The king generally kept a troupe of these bandsmen or minstrels in his employ; and we read that Edward II. on one occasion gave a sum of sixty shillings to Roger the Trumpeter, Janino the Nakerer, and others for their performances. Another minstrel was called the

'Cheveretter,' or player on the bagpipe. King Henry V. had a band which discoursed sweet music during his expedition to Harfleur, each member being recompensed for his services with the sum of twelve pence per diem. When the citizens of London were mustered in the thirty-first year of Henry VIII., we hear that 'before every standard was appointed one dromslade at the least.' Each company of one hundred men at this time possessed a couple of drummers. Kettledrums, as used by cavalry, appear to have been a comparative novelty in 1685, when Sir James Turner wrote: 'There is another martial instrument, used with cavalry, which they call the kettledrum; there be two of them which hang before the drummer's saddle, on both of which he beats.'

The dignitary known as drum-major was not generally recognised in the English army till the close of the reign of Charles I. Corporal punishment up to the time of William III. was executed by the provost-marshall and his deputies; but afterwards the drummer was entrusted with the task. Among the records of the Coldstream Guards is an order that 'the drum-major be answerable that no cat has more than nine tails.' In 1661 a drum-major of the Parliamentary army received one shilling and sixpence per diem.

It is said by some that we owe the fife—'ear-piercing,' as Shakespeare calls it—to the Swiss; and Sir James Turner, who busied himself in writing on military matters, names it the 'Allemaine whistle.' In France it was employed at least as early as 1534, in which year it was ordered by Francis I. that each band of one thousand men was to have four drums and two fifes. A few years later, in our own country, we find 'drommes and ffylfes' included in the muster of London citizens. Shakespeare refers to the musician, not the instrument, when he speaks in the *Merchant of Venice* of 'the vile squealing of the wry-necked fife.' An old writer observes, indeed, that a 'fife is a wry-necked musician, for he looks away from his instrument.' About the reign of James II. the fife lost its popularity for a time, Sir James Turner observing: 'With us, any captain may keep a fifer in his company and maintain him, too, for no pay is allowed him—perhaps just as much as he deserves.'

These instruments were restored to the army in the middle of the eighteenth century by the Duke of Cumberland, the regiment which was the first to use them on their reintroduction being the Royal Artillery. The then colonel, it appears, had brought a certain Hanoverian fifer, named John Ulrich, over from Hanover when the allied army separated, and he was the means of instructing the young idea in the art of playing that instrument. Fifers do not appear in the pay-list of the Coldstream Guards till the year 1797, when two of these musicians are charged for in the company of Grenadiers. After the Restoration the hautboy or oboe

appears among the other instruments of the band.

Probably the first regimental band, as we now understand it, was that established in 1787 by the Artillery, the bandmaster of which received four shillings a day; and the eight privates employed as musicians were borne on the strength of the companies at Woolwich. As to the composition of a militia band, a few years later on, we have full information contained in a letter written by an innkeeper of Lavenham, in Suffolk, who says: 'We have had four companies of the West Middlesex Militia quartered upon us for three days, consisting of three officers and forty-nine men, who had the best band I ever heard. 'Tis worth mentioning to those who are lovers of superior music. It consisted of five clarionets, two French horns, one bugle-horn, one trumpet, two bassoons, one bass drum, two triangles—the latter played by boys about nine years old—two tambourines—the performers mulattos—and the clashpans by a real blackamoor, a very active man, who walked between the two mulattos, which had a very grand appearance indeed.'

In military music the march occupies a prominent position, and has been employed not only to stimulate courage, but also, from about the middle of the seventeenth century, to ensure the orderly advance of troops. One of the earliest instances of a rhythmical march is the Welsh war-strain, 'The March of the Men of Harlech,' which is supposed to have originated during the siege of Harlech Castle in 1468. In England the military march was of somewhat later development. Sir John Hawkins in his *History of Music* tells us that its characteristic was dignity and gravity, in which respect it differed greatly from the French, which was brisk and alert. And apropos of this subject, the same author quotes a witty reply of an Elizabethan soldier to the French Marshal Biron's remark that 'the English march, being beaten by the drum, was slow, heavy, and sluggish.' 'That may be true,' he said; 'but slow as it is, it has traversed your master's country from one end to the other.'

Outside military circles very little is known about the bands of the British army or of their history. Still less, perhaps, can be gathered concerning the airs which have become associated with different regiments by tradition. Yet we know the feeling inspired by the stirring strains of the old Elizabethan song, 'The British Grenadiers,' or by the bagpipes when they bring back to the ears of the Highlander 'the stirring memory of a thousand years.' We think of the little drummer at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir who continued beating his drum during the whole time of assault; or of that other twelve-year-old lad of the Antrim regiment in '98 who was being conducted to the town of Gorey with other prisoners, and lost his life for exclaiming, as he leaped on the head of the drum and broke through the parchment, 'that the king's drum should never be beaten for rebels.'

During the Franco-German war, a curiously weird effect was produced on the survivors of the terrible battle of Mars-la-Tour when the order was given to the first trumpeter to sound

the assembly. The trumpet had been shattered by a shot, and produced but a muffled echo of its ordinary sound—an event which was afterwards immortalised in a poem by Ferdinand Freiligrath, entitled *The Trumpet of Gravelotte*.

Some regiments have certain airs which traditionally appertain to them, as, for instance, the quick-step march used by the first battalion of the Royal Scots called 'Dumbarton's Drums.' Its origin can be traced back as far as the year 1655, when Lord George Douglas, afterwards Earl of Dumbarton, was colonel of the regiment then serving under the French king, Louis XIV. About a score of years later, however, it was recalled to England by Charles II., and embodied in the British army. The march of the Rifle Brigade, 'I'm Ninety-five,' owes its origin to the regiment being the Ninety-fifth before being renamed the Rifle Brigade. The march of the Thirty-second Foot, or Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, is called 'One and All,' which is also the motto of the regiment. The air seems to have been composed by a lady residing at Bodmin, and adapted in the first decade of the present century, when the Royal Cornwall Militia volunteered 'to a man' for service in Ireland. The Cheshire Regiment treasures the air 'Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?' in memory of a whilom commander, Sir Charles Napier. The familiar air, 'The Girl I left behind me,' which is played when a regiment is going abroad or quitting its quarters, is supposed to be of Irish origin, and to have become a military tune after the encampment at Brighton in 1759.

One regiment—curiously enough, the Prince of Wales's Own—possesses a march with the revolutionary title of 'Ça Ira.' This famous song, composed for the Fête de la Federation in 1789, to the tune of 'Le Carillon National,' seems to have been used by the colonel of this regiment during a campaign in Flanders, and had such an effect in stimulating the ardour of the young soldiers that they succeeded in driving the French across the river Scheldt. It is said that the French adopted the phrase from Benjamin Franklin, who used to say in reference to the American Revolution: 'Ah! ah! ça ira, ça ira.' This was the air, too, which Marie Antoinette, unconscious of her fate, was constantly playing over on the harpsichord.

The expense of maintaining a British army band falls partly upon the country, partly upon the officers of the various regiments. The Government contributes about eighty pounds a year to the band fund of each regiment; while officers above the rank of subaltern, in addition to a fixed sum on appointment and promotion, each contribute twelve days' pay yearly to the same object. Every band has to find its own reed and brass instruments, the Government allowing only bugles, drums, and fifes for the infantry, and bugles and trumpets for the cavalry and artillery. Bagpipes are provided for the various Highland regiments. It is not customary—though there is a popular idea to the contrary—for the full band to go on active service; and in case of short expeditions and so forth, the drums and pipes alone accompany the regiment. In cases where the campaign is likely to be prolonged, or where the regiment

is going on long service, the members of the band go with it, and assist in ambulance duty. A bandsman's pay is the same as that of a private, amounting to about eightpence a day when the various deductions have been taken into account. The bands of the Guards and other stationary regiments do not go on active service either in the ranks or as bandsmen.

Kneller Hall—the home of the famous painter—near Hounslow, is now the training school for those aspiring to be bandmasters; and promising youths, also, from the bands of different regiments there receive a course of instruction in instrumental music. Boys for the band are recruited from the Duke of York's School, the Hibernian School, Dublin, and other institutions of a like character; often they are the sons of soldiers in the regiment. Among the best bands are those of the Royal Engineers, the Royal Artillery, the Royal Marines, and those belonging to the various regiments of Guards. These are all allowed more men than in the line, and the bandsmen of the Guards have various privileges, such as that of individually accepting private engagements in plain clothes when off duty. The hiring of these bands for various functions and ceremonies is a source of considerable revenue; and especially in London the position of a bandsman would appear to be a very enviable one. The music—which had formerly to be scored and arranged by the bandmaster of the regiment—has now been for many years adapted to the use of bands by various musical journals, the earliest of which was published by Mr. Boosey in 1846; and the favourite march or waltz of the day is at present never long in appearing in the programme of military music.

ALMA MATER

(EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY).

GRAY MOTHER of three hundred years!
No distance dims your face;
A crowd of memories endears
Your well-remembered place.

The light of morning plays around
The northern city gray;
It lingers where our eyes have found
A glory passed away.

Far scattered to the ends of earth
Who gathered in your halls;
Long hushed in silence now the mirth
That echoed in your walls,

Which we remember. But to you
The world is never old;
There is no silence, no adieu;
Your tale is never told.

Dear Mother, where the sunshine falls
And lights you now as then,
How oft the memory recalls
What ne'er may be again!

R. S. C.

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